

love in my arms and the sun in my eyes

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love in my arms and the sun in my eyes

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Summary

They are lying on George's bed, Dream sitting up against the headboard with a book in hand and reading glasses perched on his nose. George is by his side, lying on his stomach and scrolling through his phone. There's some soft music playing in the background and George's LED lights are set to a dusky orange that basks the room in a warm glow. Sapnap's eyes zero in on Dream's hand that is gently resting on the small of George's back. When Dream sees Sapnap looking he quickly snatches it back, averting his eyes.

"Oh." Sapnap says, blinking as he stands awkwardly in the doorway.

Notes

hello :D so me and my friend were brainrotting dream and george being on call for ten hours when sapnap and dream literally live together (lol rip sapnap) and it evolved into this. i literally wrote this in like two hours and is unbetaed to forgive me if it's unreadable but hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Sapnap has had five years to get used to constantly being the third wheel, but he thinks he's

reaching his breaking point.

He can appreciate that Dream and George just click. Sometimes people are just each other's person, and Sapnap isn't clingy or jealous enough that he feels the need to insert himself between them and desperately beg for attention. They click, and it's fine. He's fine.

But this is the third time this week that Dream has spent over eight hours on call with George.

Out of the goodness of his heart, Sapnap is willing to let it go. He knows that George is taking being cut off from them pretty hard. Dream, ever the empath, is likely reaching out so George doesn't feel cut off from them. But it's gotten to the point where Dream is spending more time with George than with Sapnap, and Sapnap is the one that lives in the *same damn house*.

Sapnap is psyching himself up to say something, or perhaps do something drastic like tie Dream to the couch and force him to spend some time with him. But before Sapnap can act, the UK government deems conditions safe enough to finally lift the international travel ban.

George is on their doorstep within the week.

It's the best feeling in the world that they can finally, *finally*, be all together. They talk and laugh and joke around and it's just as natural as it was on call when they were separated by thousands of kilometres and -in George's case- a literal ocean.

They order food and binge watch The Office, and when Dream falls asleep mouth wide up in a snore, Sapnap and George crack out the permanent markers, giggling like teenagers as they draw all over his face. Both taking care to watch out for the drool, snapping a thousand blackmail worthy pictures. When Dream sees himself in the bathroom mirror the next morning, Sapnap and George can hear his screams all the way from the kitchen.

Sapnap finds himself forgetting he'd ever felt left out. Dream and George click? They all click. It just took an international travel ban to be lifted to prove that.

And then a few days in, things change.

It takes Sapnap a while to notice, at first. Whether it be working on online college or just playing CSGO, Sapnap spends a lot of his time isolated alone in his room. It wasn't that he didn't like living with Dream or anything. Both of them were just introverted and used to being alone, so Dream spent his time alone in his room doing much of the same. Unintentionally or not, both men fell into the habit of locking themselves away and only talking during the rare chances they happened to sneak to the kitchen to heat up the leftover pizza at the same time.

But George has moved in too now, and Sapnap feels a little bad that he's neglected to break his habit. He and Dream shouldn't be locking themselves in their rooms when they're finally all in the same place.

Sapnap opens his bedroom door and marches up the stairs to Dream's recording room. He has a lecture ready on his tongue when he pushes open the door on why they shouldn't all be sitting alone in their rooms when they finally have the chance to hang out all together, but he needn't have bothered. The recording room is empty. The PC set up completely powered off and the desk chair

abandoned. Dream isn't there.

Sapnap frowns. Closing the door behind him he wanders down to George's room at the end of the hall. The door is slightly ajar, and pressing his hand to the wood Sapnap pushes the door open.

"Hey do you know where-"

George and Dream both look up.

They are lying on George's bed, Dream sitting up against the headboard with a book in hand and reading glasses perched on his nose. George is by his side, lying on his stomach and scrolling through his phone. There's some soft music playing in the background and George's LED lights are set to a soft orange that basks the room in a warm glow. Sapnap's eyes zero in on Dream's hand that is gently resting on the small of George's back. When Dream sees Sapnap looking he quickly snatches it back, averting his eyes.

"Oh." Sapnap says, blinking as he stands awkwardly in the doorway. "How long have you guys been...?"

Dream coughs. "Uh, a couple hours?" He says, slotting his bookmark between the pages of his book and setting it down on George's bedside table. "Why? Did you need something?"

"No. I was just..." Sapnap trails off. "Would- Would you guys wanna..." He brings a hand to scratch at the back of his neck and looks down at the very interesting chip in the doorframe. "I was just getting bored alone in my room and thought we could hang out... or something."

Dream and George exchange a glance and something silent passes between them.

"Sure." George says, rolling off the bed to stand. "Wanna watch a movie or something?"

Dream smiles. "Sounds good."

So all three of them pile onto the living room couch and pull up some random romcom to make fun of while they threaten homicide over a bowl of microwaved popcorn. Sapnap laughs and joins in with George's snide comments, but he can't help but notice Dream's silence and the little glances he keeps throwing George's way. Sapnap shakes his head and focuses his attention back onto the movie. It's probably nothing.

But this turns out to be the first time of many.

Sapnap will be alone in his room working on something before he gets bored, and will push away from his desk and wander off to find one of them, only to find them together. George on the couch scrolling through his phone while Dream edits a video, Dream on George's bed chatting away while George codes a new plugin. Or, once, Dream and George on the living room couch tangled together fast asleep, while some random movie credits played quietly on the TV in the background.

Sapnap never once brings it up until exactly a month after George had first moved in.

George is streaming for the first time since the move, and almost two hundred thousand people have come to watch him do his best to speed run Minecraft. Understandably, the chat is less than engaged. George has been silent for a month, and all they want to talk about is his move to America. But for some reason, George is staying adamantly silent. He halfheartedly tries to avoid the chat and ignores all the question filled donations, focusing all his attention on commentating

his (bad) speed running. Sapnap calls him on discord and jokes about how stupid it is since he's only a couple doors down. George smiles tightly and agrees, but doesn't comment any further.

Almost a hour into the stream, George dies in the Nether with half an hour on the clock. After an angry bout of yelling and abusing his desk, he finally caves. Switching his camera to full screen, George diverts his gaze to chat.

"How is living with Dream and Sapnap?" George reads aloud. "It's-"

"Amazing." Sapnap answers for him. "I am incredible. Dream is okay too I guess."

George rolls his eyes and twists around in his chair, biting his lip as he seems to think genuinely about his answer.

"It's been... different." George says slowly. "But good. Hanging out with Dream and Sap in real life is nice. Except it's a bit inconvenient I can't just hang up on them when they're annoying."

Sapnap scoffs over their call.

"What?" George says. Eyes flicking to discord with a smile. "It's true isn't it?"

"Oh no I wasn't thinking about that." Sapnap says, suddenly feeling a little bitter. "Just the "Hanging out with Dream and Sap." Think there should be a little more emphasis on the *Dream*, don't you think?"

On stream, George's face twists into a frown. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Exactly what it sounds like." Sapnap says. He doesn't know why he's making such a big deal out of this. Especially on stream in front of two hundred thousand people. He's probably going to regret this later. "Admit it, you've been spending way more time with Dream than me."

George presses his lips into a thin line as pink dusts his cheeks. "That's not true."

"Really? So I didn't find you two asleep together on the couch this morning?"

"Sapnap!" George snaps, eyes wide. Sapnap cringes a little. Sharing that on stream was a bit of a low blow. But he's been putting up with Dream and George being all buddy buddy for too long, and it must have been affecting him more than he realises. Everything he's been feeling for the past month comes spilling out all at once.

"It's true though, isn't it? You guys are behind closed doors most of the time too." Sapnap laughs. "Why don't you just move into Dream's room for good? We could convert your room into a storage closet."

"Sapnap-"

"In fact," Sapnap cuts him off. "I'm willing to bet money that Dream is in your room right now."

George freezes, voice pitching in a panic. "Dream's not-"

But before George can finish, a voice calls out from the background.

"What about me?"

George flushes deep red and covers his face with his hands. Sapnap cackles as the chat explodes.

"George?" Dream calls out again, completely oblivious. "What were you guys talking about?"

"Nothing Dream." George muffles through his hands. "Don't worry about it."

The clip gets cut and spread all over every social platform that exists, and it's all anyone talks about for days. Sapnap would feel bad, but because of it Dream and George have now made it their mission to purposely drag Sapnap to hang out with them every chance they get. It's almost like they're trying to prove something. Sapnap doesn't care what, he's just enjoying all this new attention.

But even when it's all three of them, Sapnap doesn't miss the glances. Or the way they seem inevitably glued together. George's shoulder pressing into Dream's as he ever so slightly leans his way when they're seated on the couch. Dream's hand on the small of George's back as they stand together in the kitchen cooking breakfast. Their expressions just look different when their eyes are directed at one another, and Sapnap doesn't quite understand exactly why. He feels like he should know, like he has an incomplete jigsaw puzzle set out in front of him, and all he needs to do is slot in the final piece and everything will make sense.

His chance comes at midnight, when he is awoken by the desperate need to pee. After he's done and tiredly skulking back to his room in the dark, he notices a sliver of light coming from underneath George's closed door.

Surely not.

He could just ignore it, go back to bed and let it be, and if it was any other time, he probably would.

But Sapnap is half asleep and undeniably curious, and unfortunately for him the half of his brain that's currently awake is not the one that controls his morality.

Sapnap tiptoes up to George's door, socked feet making no noise on the carpet. Reaching out a hand he curls his fingers around the handle and pushes the door open as slowly and quietly as possible.

The lights in the room are dim, with a particularly strong glow coming from George's bedside table. Sapnap snorts when he sees what it is. The stupid Minecraft lamp that George insisted on bringing with him all the way from the UK. George himself is seated at his desk with his back to to the door, and what looks like Geoguessr filling the screen of his PC.

But more importantly, Dream is nowhere to be seen.

It's not at all the scandal Sapnap thought he'd find when he opened the door, and weirdly he's kind of disappointed. George probably just couldn't sleep, and is playing some Geoguessr to pass the time. Sapnap suddenly feels very stupid for thinking it would be anything different.

He tightens his fingers on the handle, and begins to slowly pull the door shut. But suddenly there's a slight movement that causes him to freeze.

On the floor right next to George, sitting cross legged with his head lying sideways on his thigh, is Dream. While George's left hand is on his mouse navigating the game, his right is resting in Dream's hair. As he moves around in the game, his fingers softly card through the blond strands, and Dream's shoulders heave with a content sigh.

They're talking, Sapnap realises, so quietly that he can barely hear them even though the room is almost completely silent. George is describing land features and signs he can see, and Dream hums, supplying suggestions of where it could be. George must say something funny, because all of a sudden Dream is laughing. He lifts his head up to look at George with his eyes crinkled and mouth stretched wide into a smile. George turns to look at him too, and his hand falls to the settle on the back of Dream's neck. They hold each other's gaze for a long moment. Dream's laughter fades and his smile melts into something softer, his eyes pooling heavy with something that could only be described as love. When Sapnap's eyes flick to George, his expression holds identical adoration.

The final puzzle piece slots firmly into place.

All of a sudden, Sapnap understands. Why George seemed so upset that he couldn't be in Florida with them and how everyday the travel ban remained, the more exhausted and forlorn he seemed. Why Dream spent ridiculously extended amounts of time on call with George doing nothing but talk, even when Sapnap was only a few doors down. Why when Dream met Sapnap it was laughs and hugs and friendly pats on the back. But when Dream met George, it was George's face hidden in the crook of Dream's neck, a freckled cheek pressed into dark hair, and tears streaming down their faces as they smiled with low whispers of *finally*.

George and Dream are still holding each other, eyes locked in the golden dark, and Sapnap is suddenly overcome with the feeling that he's intruding. He bows his head, slowly backing out of the doorway until he's back in the darkness of the hallway and pulling the door firmly shut behind him.

The next morning, Dream and George wander into the kitchen with matching eyebags, and the ghosts of happy smiles etched onto their faces. Sapnap silently sips his coffee and raises an eyebrow.

"Have fun last night?"

Both of their eyes widen and their expressions fill with panic.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Dream tries. But Sapnap just stares, and Dream expression soon falls. Not to anger or despair, but resigned understanding.

"You know."

Sapnap hums.

George steps forward, fiddling nervously with his sleeves. "You don't mind?"

They're too long, Sapnap realises as he stares at George's hands twisting in the fabric. The hoodie is too big for George, the dark material draping over him in waves. Sapnap snorts and shakes his head. How could it have taken him this long?

"I don't mind." He says. "*But-*" Dream and George both visibly tense. "If you're going to move into one bedroom, can you take Dream's downstairs? I'd rather not hear anything I don't have to."

George flushes cherry red and Dream chokes.

"That's-"

"Yeah yeah." Sapnap cuts him off and waves a hand. "Just remember I live here too guys."

Dream looks like he has a lot more he wants to say. But after pondering for a moment with his mouth opening and closing like a fish, he finally snaps it shut. "Noted."

Sapnap smirks over the rim of his coffee cup. "Cool. Go wild, gentlemen."

Sapnap gives them each a short nod and slowly walks over to the stairs, pausing just as his foot lands on the first step to chance a look back.

Dream is cupping George's face with one hand and George is smiling softly, absolutely melting into his touch. They look relieved, happy, and so utterly in love that Sapnap can't believe he was ever so blind.

Then Dream is leaning in and Sapnap turns away.

He's happy for them, truly. But if Sapnap was regularly finding them tangled together when they were pretending to be just friends, he dreads to think what will happen now that he knows.

Soft laughter echoes from downstairs and Sapnap rolls his eyes.

Maybe Karl might be interested in having a roommate.

End Notes

ty for reading!

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